

The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TO —
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MARY F. TUCKER.

A nice little, sweet little tender song
I said, dear love, I would write for you;
Because when everything else is wrong,
And hollow and false, you are good and
true.
And I know I have in your sheltering heart
Always pity and peace and rest;
Though to tune is broken, and friends depart,
You hold me dearest and love me best.

And so, with the twilight dusky and dim,
Trailing her shadowy robes along,
I said to myself, I will write for him.
A nice little, sweet little tender song;
I will tell him all of my hopes and fears,
Of the tranquil calm—of the deep unrest,
And how through the patient plodding years,
I have held him dearest and loved him best.

I'd write you dear, if I only could,
A melody sweet as the song of birds;
But I fail to utter the things I would,
And I cannot shape my thought to words.
Yet though the madrigal comes to naught,
Its yearning tenderness unexpressed,
You will comprehend the unuttered thought,
And hold me dearest, and love me best.

STRONGHAND;
A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,
AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN
OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW CHARACTER.

Although, owing to its position on the shores of the Pacific, Sonora enjoys the blessings of the sea breeze, whose moisture at intervals refreshes the heated atmosphere; still, for three hours in the afternoon, the earth incessantly heated by the torrid sunbeams produces a crushing heat. At such times the country assumes a really desolate aspect beneath the cloudless sky, which seems an immense plate of red-hot iron. The birds suddenly cease their songs, and languidly hide themselves beneath the thick foliage of the trees, which bow their proud crests towards the ground. Men and domestic animals hasten to seek shelter in the houses, raising in their hurried progress a white, impalpable, and incisive dust, which enters mouth and nostrils. For some hours Sonora converted into a vast desert from which every appearance of life and movement has disappeared.

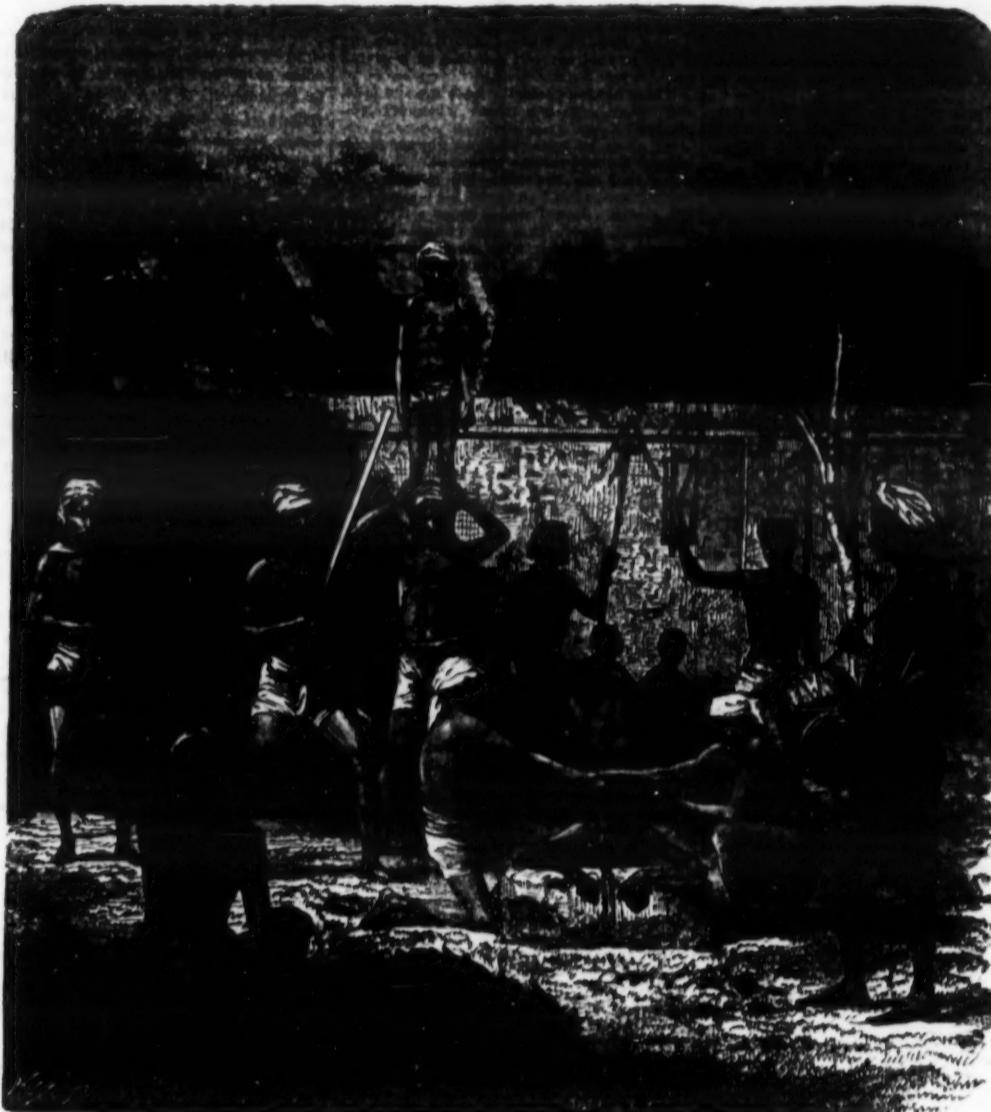
Every body is asleep, or at least reclining in the most shady rooms, with closed eyes, and with the body abandoned to that species of somnolence which is neither sleeping nor waking, and which from that very fact is filled with such sweet and voluptuous reveries—inhalings at deep draughts the artificial breeze produced by artificially contrived currents of air, and in a word indulging in what is generally called in the torrid zones a siesta.

These are hours full of enjoyment, of whose sweet and benignant influence on body and mind we busy, active Americans are ignorant, but which people nearer the sun relish in. The Italians call this state the *dolce far niente*, and the Turks, that eminently sensual race, *keff*.

Like that city in the "Arabian Nights," the inhabitants of which the wicked enchanter suddenly changed into statues by waving his wand, life seemed suddenly arrested at the Hacienda del Toro, for the silence was so profound: peons, vaqueros, criados, everybody in fact, were enjoying their siesta. It was about three in the afternoon; but that indistinct though significant buzz which announces the awakening of the hour that precedes the resumption of labor was audible. Two gentlemen alone had not yielded to sleep, in spite of the crushing mid-day heat; but seated in an elegantly-furnished *cuarto*, they had spent the hours usually devoted to slumber in conversation. The cause for this deviation from the ordinary custom must have been most serious. The Hispano-American, and especially the Mexican, does not lightly sacrifice those hours of repose during which, according to a Spanish proverb, only dogs and Frenchmen are seen in the *ses*.

Of these two gentlemen, one Don Hernando de Mognar, is already known to us. Years, while stooping his back, had furrowed some wrinkles on his forehead, and mingled many silver threads with his hair; but the expression of his face, with the exception of a tinge of melancholy spread over his features by lengthened misfortune, had remained nearly the same, that is to say, gentle and timid, although clever; slightly sarcastic and eminently crafty.

As for the person with whom Don Hernando was conversing at this moment, he deserves a detailed description, physically at least, for the reader will soon be enabled to appreciate his moral character. He was a short, plump man, with a rubicund face and apoplectic look, though hardly forty years of age. Still his hair, which was almost white, his deeply wrinkled forehead, and his gray eyes buried beneath bushy whiskers, gave him a senile appearance, ha-



GROUP OF INDIAN JUGGLERS.

The jugglers of Madras are famed all over the world. Our engraving represents a group, ready for their wonderful exhibitions. To sit in the air without any apparent support, to cause seeds to grow at once into flowers, to disappear from view, to swallow a sword, and various wonderful gymnastic feats are among their curious performances. The chances of such a party in old times of being burnt as wizards would have been very good indeed.

monizing but little with the sharp gesticulation and youthful manner he affected. His long, thin, violet nose was bent like a parrot's beak over a wide mouth filled with dazzling white teeth; and his prominent cheek-bones, covered with blue veins, completed a strange countenance, the expression of which bore a striking likeness to that of an owl.

This species of nut-cracker, with his prominent stomach and short, ill-hung limbs, whose whole appearance was most disagreeable, had such a mobility of face as rendered it impossible to read his thoughts on his features, in the event of this fat man's ears catching a thought. His cold blue eyes were ever pertinaciously fixed on the person addressing him, and did not reveal the slightest emotion; in short, this man produced at the first contact that invariably sympathy which is felt on the approach of reptiles, and which, after nearer acquaintance, is converted into disgust and contempt.

He was a certain Don Rufino Contreras, one of the richest landowners in Sonora, and a year previously had been elected senator to the Mexican Congress for the province.

At the moment when we enter the *cuarto*, Don Hernando, with arms folded at his back and frowning brow, is walking up and down, while Don Rufino, seated on a *bataca*, with his body thrown back, is following his movements with a crafty smile on his lips while striving to scratch off an invisible spot on his knee. For some minutes, the haciendero continued his walk, and then stopped before Don Rufino, who bent on him a mocking, inquiring glance.

"Then," he said, in a voice whose anxious expression he sought in vain to conceal, "you must positively have the entire sum within a week?"

"Yes," the fat man replied, still smiling.

"Why, if that is the case, did you not warn me sooner?"

"It was through delicacy, my dear sir."

"What—through delicacy?" Don Hernando repeated, with a start of surprise.

"You shall judge for yourself."

"I shall be glad to do so."

"I believe you do me the justice of allowing that I am your friend!"

"You have said you are, at least."

"I fancy I have proved it to you."

"No matter; but let us pass over that."

"Very well. Knowing that you were in a critical position at the moment, I tried to procure the sum by all possible means, as I did not wish to have recourse to you, except in the last extremity. You see, my dear Don Hernando, how delicate and truly friendly my calculations were. Unfortunately, at the present time it is very difficult to get money in, owing to the stagnation of trade. It was therefore literally impossible for me to obtain the smallest sum. In such a perplexing position, I leave you to judge what I was obliged to do. The money I must have; you have owed it for a long time, and I applied to you—what else could I do?"

"I do not know. Still, I think you might have sent a peon to warn me, before you left Sonora."

"No, my dear sir, that is exactly what I should not do. I have not come direct to you; in pursuance of the line of conduct I laid down I hoped to collect the required sum on my road, and not be obliged to come all the way to your *necenda*."

Don Hernando made no reply. He began his walk again after giving the speaker a glance which would have given him cause for thought, had he noticed it; but the latter gentleman had begun rubbing the invisible spot again with more obstinacy than before. In the meanwhile the *cabaneas* had become more and more oblique; the *haciendero* had woke up to its ordinary life; outside the shouts of the *vaqueros* prodding their oxen or urging on the horses could be heard mingled with the lowing and neighing of the draught-cattle. Don Hernando walked up to a window, the shutters of which he tore open, and a refreshing breeze entered the *cuarto*. Don Rufino gave a sigh of relief and sat up in his *bataca*.

"Out," he said, with an expression of comfort, "I was very tired; not through the long ride I was compelled to make this morning, *so much* as through the stifling heat."

Don Hernando started at this insinuation, as if he had been stung by a serpent; he had neglected all the laws of Mexican hospitality; for Don Rufino's visit had so disagreeably surprised him, and made him forget all else before the sudden obligation of satisfying the claims of a merciless creditor. But at Don Rufino's remarks he had understood how unusual his conduct must have

seemed to a weary traveller, hence he rang a bell, and a peon at once came in.

"Refreshment," he said.

The peon bowed, and left the room.

"You will excuse me, caballero," the *haciendero* continued, frankly, "but your visit so surprised me, that at the moment I did not think of offering the refreshment which a tired traveler requires so much. Your room is prepared, rest yourself to night, and to-morrow we will resume our conversation, and arrive at a solution I trust mutually satisfactory."

"I hope so, my dear sir. Heaven is my witness that it is my greatest desire," Don Rufino answered, as he raised to his lips the glass of orangeade brought by the peon.

"Unhappily I fear that, with the host will in the world, we cannot come to a settlement unless—"

"Unless?" Don Hernando sharply interrupted. Don Rufino quickly slipped his *cuernecillo*, placed the glass on the table, and said, as he threw himself back on the *bataca*, and pulled a cigarette.

"Unless you pay me in full what you owe me, which, from what you have said, appears to me to be ill-nit, I continue."

"Ah!" Don Hernando remarked with an air of constraint, "what makes you suppose that?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir, I suppose nothing; you told me just now that you were hardly pressed."

"Well, and what conclusion do you derive from that?" the *haciendero* asked impatiently.

"A very simple thing—that seventy thousand piastres form a rather round sum, and that however rich a man may be, he does not always have it in his *bancos*, especially when he is pressed."

"I can make sacrifices."

"Believe me, I shall be sincerely sorry."

"But can you not wait a few days longer?"

"Impossible, I repeat; let us understand our respective positions, in order to avoid any business misunderstanding, which should always be prevented between honorable gentlemen holding a certain position. I lent you that sum, and only stipulated for small interest, I believe."

"I allow it, Senor, and thank you for it."

"It is not really worth the trouble; I was anxious to oblige you. I did so, and let

us say no more about it; but remember that I made one condition which you accepted."

"Yes," Don Hernando said, with an impatient start, "and I was wrong."

"Perhaps so; but that is not the question. This condition which you accepted was to the effect that you should repay me the sum I advanced upon demand."

"Have I said the contrary?"

"Far from it; but now that I want the money, I ask you for it, and that is natural; I have in no way infringed the conditions. You ought to have expected what is happening to-day, and taken your precautions accordingly."

"Hence, if I ask a month to collect the money you claim?"

"I should be heart-broken, but should refuse; for I want the money, not in a month, but in a week. I can quite put myself in your position, and comprehend how disagreeable the matter must be; but unluckily so it is."

What most hurt Don Hernando was the recall of the loan, painful as it was to him, so much as the way in which the demand was made; the show of false good-nature employed by his creditor, and the insidious pity he displayed. Carried away involuntarily by the rage that filled his heart, he was about to give Don Rufino an answer which would have broken off all friendly relations between them forever, when a great noise was heard in the *hacienda*, mingled with shouts of joy and the stamping of horses. Don Hernando eagerly leaned out of the window, and at the expiration of a moment turned round to Don Rufino, who was smoking his cigarette with an air of beatitude.

"Here are my children, caballero," he said; "not a word of this affair before them, I entreat."

"I know too well what I owe you, my dear senor," the other replied, as he prepared to rise. "With your permission, however, I will withdraw, in order to allow you entire liberty for your family joy."

"No, no!" Don Hernando added, "I had better introduce you at once to my son and daughter."

"As you please, my dear sir. I shall be flattered to form the acquaintance of your charming family."

The door opened, and Don Jose Paredes appeared. The majordomo was a half-breed of about forty years of age, tall and powerfully built, with bow legs and round shoulders that denoted his capacity as a horseman; in fact, the worthy man's life was spent in the saddle, galloping about the country. He took a side glance at Don Rufino, bowed to his master, and lowering his usual rough tone, said—

"Senor amo, the nine and nine have arrived in good health, thanks to Our Lady of Carmen."

"Thanks, Don Jose," Don Hernando replied; "let them come in. I shall be delighted to see them."

The majordomo gave a signal outside, and the two young people rushed into the room. With one bound they were in their father's arms, who for a moment pressed them to his heart; but then he pushed them away, remarking that a stranger was present. The young couple bowed respectfully.

"Senor Don Rufino," the marquis said. "I present to you my son, Don Ruiz de Murguia, and my daughter, Dona Mariasita; my children, this is Senor Don Rufino Contreras, one of my best friends."

"A title of which I am proud," Don Rufino replied, with a bow, while giving the young lady a cold, searching glance, which made her look down involuntarily and blushed.

"Are the apartments ready, Don Jose?"

Don Hernando continued.

"Yes, excellency," the majordomo said, who was contemplating the young people with a radiant face.

"If Senor Don Rufino will permit it, you can go and sit down, my children," the *haciendero* said. "You must be tired."

"You will also allow me to rest, Don Hernando?" the senator then said.

The *haciendero* bowed.

"We will resume our conversation at a more favorable moment," he continued, as he took a side glance at Dona Mariasita, who was just leaving the room with her brother.

"However, my dear senor, do not feel too anxious about my visit; for I believe I have discovered a way of arranging matters without inconveniencing you too much."

And, bowing to his knees to the marquis, who was astonished at this conduct, which he was so far from expecting, Don Rufino left the room, smiling with an air of protection.

CHAPTER X

DON JOSE PAREDES.

Several days had elapsed since the return of Don Ruiz and his sister to the *hacienda*, and Don Rufino had not said a word about the money which occasioned his visit. The *haciendero*, while employing all the means in his power to procure the necessary sum to pay his debt, had been careful not to allude to the conversation on the first day, the more so because Don Rufino seemed to have forgotten the pressing want of money he had at first given as his excuse for not granting any favor.

At the *hacienda* everything had returned to its old condition. Don Ruiz went out on horseback in the morning with Jose Paredes,

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In order to watch the peons and vaqueros, leaving to his father and sister the care of doing the honors to Don Rufino. For the first two or three days Doma Mariana had been considerably embarrassed by their guest's ubiquitous smiles and passionate glances; but she soon made up her mind, and only laughed at the cringing look and absurd postures of the stout gentleman. The latter, while perceiving the effect he produced on the young lady, appeared to take no heed of it, and conscientiously continued his maneuvers with the temerity that formed the basis of his character. Probably in acting thus, and by openly paying his court to Doma Mariana, in the presence of her father and brother, Don Rufino was carrying out a pre-arranged plan, in order to gain an end which may be easily guesed.

It was evident to everybody that Don Rufino was seeking to obtain the hand of Doma Mariana. Don Hernando, in spite of the secret annoyace this pursuit caused him, for this man was the last he would have desired as his son-in-law, did not dare, however, let his vexation be seen, owing to his delicate position, and the sword of Damocles which Don Rufino held in suspense over his head. He contented himself with watching him closely, while leaving him free to act, hoping everything from him, and striving to colect all his resources in order to pay him off as speedily as possible; and once liberty was regained, to dismiss him. Unfortunately, money was difficult to obtain. Most of Don Hernando's debts failed in meeting their engagements; and it was with great difficulty he obtained at the end of a fortnight one quarter the sum he owed Don Rufino, and this sum even could not be employed in liquidating the debt, for it was indispensable for the continuation of the works at the hacienda.

Since his arrival at the hacienda, Don Rufino had sent off messengers in several directions, and received letters. One morning he entered Don Hernando's study with an easy air, where the latter passed nearly all the day, engrossed in the most abstruse calculations. The hacendero raised his head with amazement on seeing the senator; it was the first time the latter had come to seek him in this room. He suffered a heart-pang, but he succeeded in hiding his emotion, and good-humoredly invited his visitor to take a seat.

"My dear senior," Don Rufino began, as he comfortably stretched himself out upon a *bataca*, "excuse me for pursuing you into your last entanglements, but I want to talk seriously with you, and so I frankly knocked at this door."

"You have done well," Don Hernando answered, with ill-dissembled agony, "you know that I am entirely at your disposal. How can I be of any service to you?"

"I will not trouble you long; I am not fond of lengthy conversations, and have merely come to terminate the affair which we began on the day when I arrived at the hacienda."

The hacendero felt a cold perspiration stand on his temples at this brutally frank avowal.

"I had not forgotten you," he replied: "at this very moment I was making arrangements which, I trust, will enable me to discharge the debt in a few days."

"That is not the point," Don Rufino remarked, sternly: "I do not want the money, and request you to hold it for me as long as you possibly can."

Don Hernando looked at him in amazement.

"That surprises you," the senator continued, "and yet the affair is very simple. I was anxious to prove to you that you had in me not a pressing creditor, but a truly devoted friend. When I saw that it would greatly embarrass you to repay me this trifle, and as you are a gentleman I am anxious to oblige, I turned to another quarter."

"Still," Don Hernando, who feared a snare, objected: "you said to me—"

"I believed it," Don Rufino interrupted him. "Fortunately it was not so, as I have recently acquired the proof—not only have I been able to meet my payment, but I have a considerable sum left in my hands which I do not know what to do with, and which I should feel much obliged by your taking; for I do not know a more honorable gentleman than yourself, and I wish to get rid of the money, which is useless to me at the moment."

Don Hernando, confounded by this overture, which had been so far from expecting from a man who had at first been so harsh with him, was silent, for he knew not what to answer, or to what he should attribute this so sudden and extraordinary change.

"Good gracious!" continued Don Rufino, with a smile; "during the few days I have been with you, my dear senior, I have been enabled to appreciate the intelligent way in which you manage your immense estate; and it is evident to me that you must realize enormous profits. Unfortunately for you, you are in the position of all men who undertake great things with limited resources. You are short of capital just at the moment when it is most necessary; but as this is a common case, you cannot complain. You have made sacrifices, and will have to make more before obtaining real results. The money you want I have, and I offer it to you. I trust you will not insult me by doubting my friendship, or my desire to be of service to you."

"Certainly, caballero. Still," Don Hernando stammered, "I am already your debtor to a heavy amount."

"Well, what matter? You will be my debtor for a larger amount, that is all."

"I understand all the delicacy and kindness of your conduct, but I fear—"

"What? that I may demand repayment at an inconvenient moment?"

"I will not conceal from you—"

"You are wrong, Don Hernando. I wish to deal with you as a friend, and do you a real service. You owe me seventy thousand piastres, I believe?"

"Also, yes!"

"Why that 'alias'?" the senator asked, with a smile. "Seventy thousand piastres, and fifty thousand more I am going to have you directly, in six bills payable at sight, drawn on Wilson and Co., bankers, at Hermosillo, will form a round sum, for which you will give me your acceptance payable—come, what date will suit you best?"

Don Hernando hesitated. Evidently Don Rufino, in making him so strange a proposal, had an object; but that object he could not see. The senator's love for his daughter could not impel him to do such a generous act; this unexpected kindness evidently concealed a snare; but what was the snare? Don Rufino carefully followed the different feelings that were reflected on Don Hernando's face.

"You hesitate," he said to him, "and

you are wrong. Let us talk candidly. You cannot possibly hope to realize any profit within eight months, so it will be impossible for you to pay me so large a sum before that period." Then, opening his pocket-book and taking out the six bills, which he laid on the table, he continued: "Here are the fifty thousand piastres; give me an acceptance for one hundred and twenty thousand, payable at twelve months date. You see that I give you all necessary latitude to turn yourself round. Well, supposing—which is not probable—that you are unable to pay me when the bill falls due, we will renew it, that is all. *Cuerpo de Urioste!* I am not a bank creditor. Come, is the master settled, or must I take the bills back?"

Money, under whatever shape it presents itself, has an irresistible attraction in the eyes of the speculator and embarrassed man. Don Hernando, in spite of all his efforts—in spite of all the numerous sacrifices he had made, felt himself rapidly going down the incline of ruin, on which it is impossible for a man to stop; but time might save him. Don Rufino, whatever his wishes might be, rendered him an immense service by giving him, not only time, but also the money he required, and which he despaired of obtaining elsewhere. Any longer hesitation on his part would therefore have been unjustifiable; hence he took the bills, and gave his acceptance.

"That's settled," Don Rufino said, as he folded the document and carefully placed it in his pocket-book. "My dear senior, you are really a singular man. There is more difficulty in getting you to accept money than there would be in getting another to pay it."

"I really do not know how to thank you, Don Rufino, for the service you have rendered me, and which I am now free to confess has arrived very opportunely."

"Money is always opportune," the senator replied, with a laugh; "but let us say no more about that. If you happen to have a safe man, send him off at once to cash these bills at Hermosillo, for money is too scarce to be allowed to its idle."

"This very day my majordomo, Don Jose Paredes, shall set out for the *ciudad*."

"Very good. Now I have one request to make of you."

"Speak, speak! I shall be delighted to prove to you how grateful I am."

"This is the matter: now that I am, temporarily at least, no longer your creditor, I have no decent pretext for remaining at the hacienda."

"Well, what does that matter?"

"It matters a great deal to me. I should like to remain here a few days longer, in order to enjoy your agreeable society."

"Are you jesting, Don Rufino? The longer you remain at the hacienda, the greater honor you will do us; we shall be delighted to keep you, not for a few days, but for all the time you may be pleased to grant us."

"Very good; that is what I desired. Now, I shall go away and leave you to your business."

When the majordomo returned to the hacienda at about eleven o'clock in the morning, Don Hernando sent for him. Without taking the time to pull off his vacuera boots or unbuckle his heavy spurs, Jose Paredes hurried to his master.

"Have you a good horse?" the hacendero asked, so soon as the majordomo entered the study.

"I have several, excellency, he answered. "I mean by a good horse, one capable of going a long distance."

"Certainly, mi amo; I have a mustang on which I could ride to Hermosillo and back without giving it any further rest than of the camping hours."

"I want to send you to Hermosillo."

"Very good, excellency; when must I start?"

"Why, as soon as possible after you have rested."

"Rest from what?"

"The ride you have taken this morning."

The majordomo shrugged his shoulders with a smile.

"I am never tired, excellency; in half an hour I shall have lassoed my horse, saddled it, and mounted, unless you wish me to defer my journey."

"The hours for the siesta will soon be here, and the heat will be insufferable."

"You are aware, excellency, that we half-Indians are children of the sun; its heat does not affect us."

"You have an answer for everything, Don Jose."

"For you, excellency, I feel myself capable of performing impossibilities."

"I know that you are devoted to my house."

"Is it not just, excellency? For two centuries my family has eaten the bread of yours; and if I acted otherwise than I am doing, I should be unworthy of those from whom I am descended."

"I thank you, my friend; you know the esteem and affection I have for you. I am about to intrust an important commission to you."

"Be assured that I shall perform it, excellency."

"Very good. You will start at once for Hermosillo, where you will cash these bills for fifty thousand piastres, at the bank of Wilson and Co."

"Fifty thousand piastres!" the majordomo repeated, with surprise.

"It surprises you, my friend, to whom I have confided my most secret affairs, that I have so large a sum to receive. You ask yourself, doubtless, in what way I managed to obtain it."

"I ask nothing, excellency; it does not concern me. I am here to carry out your orders, and do not permit myself improper observations."

"This money has been lent me by a friend whose kindness is inexhaustible."

"Heaven grant that you are not mistaken, excellency; and that the man from whom you have this money is really a friend."

"What do you mean, Don Jose? To what are you alluding?"

"I make no allusion, mi amo; I merely think that friends who lend fifty thousand piastres from hand to hand—pardon my frankness, excellency—to a man whose affairs are in such a condition as yours, are very rare at present; and that, before forming a definite judgment about them, it would be wise to wait and learn the cause of such singular generosity."

Don Hernando sighed. He shared his majordomo's opinions, though he would not allow it. Following the tactics of all men who have not good reasons to allege, he suddenly turned the conversation.

"You can take three or four persons with you."

"What to do, excellency?"

"Why, to act as escort on your return."

The majordomo began laughing.

"What use is an escort, excellency? You want your money here? I will buy a mule at Hermosillo, and load the money on it, and it will take a very clever fellow to rob me, I assure you."

"Still, it would be, perhaps, better to have an escort."

"Permit me to remark, excellency, that it would be the best way of settling robbers on my track."

"Viva Dios! I should be curious to know how you arrive at that conclusion."

"You will easily understand, mi amo. A single man is certain to pass unnoticed, especially when, as at this moment, the roads are infested with bands of every description and every color."

"Hum! what you are saying is not reassuring. Don Jose, do you know that?" Don Hernando remarked, with a smile, for his majordomo's reasoning amused him.

"On the contrary, the bandits to whom I am referring, excellency, are clever, and it is that which ruins them; they will never imagine that a poor devil of a half-breed, leading a sorry mule, can be carrying fifty thousand piastres. Deceived by my appearance, they will let me pass, without even pretending to see; while if I take persons with me, it will arouse their suspicions, they will want to know why I am guarded, and I shall be plundered."

"You may really be right, Don Jose."

"I am certain I am, excellency."

"Well, I will not argue any longer; do what you think proper."

"All right, excellency; I will deliver the money to you, without the loss of a real, I promise you."

"May heaven grant it: here are the bills, and now—you can start whenever you please."

"I shall be gone within an hour, excellency," the majordomo answered.

He took up the bills, hid them in his bosom, and, after bowing to his master, left the study. Jose Paredes went straight to the corral, where in a few minutes he had lassoed a mustang with small head and flashing eye, which he began saddling, after he had carefully rubbed it down. Then he inspected his weapons, laid in a stock of powder and ball, and mounted. But, instead of leaving the hacienda, he proceeded to a separate building, and twice gently tapped a window before which he pulled up. The window opened, and Don Rufino appeared.

"Ah! that is you, Paredes; going back to the plantations already?" he said; "well, wait a minute, and I will be with you."

The majordomo shook his head.

"Do not disturb yourself, Nino," he said.

"I am not going to the plantations, but on a journey."

"A journey?" the young man asked, in surprise.

"Yes; but only for a few days. The master has sent me—and I shall soon be desirous of getting up clubs."

"Can you tell me the reason why you are going, and whither?"

"The master will tell you himself, Nino."

"Good! but I suppose you have some other motive for coming to wish me good-by?"

"Yes, Nino; I wished to give you a piece of advice before leaving the hacienda."

"Advice?"

"Yes; and of a serious nature. Nino, during my absence, watch carefully the man who is here!"

"Whom do you mean, Paredes?"

The senator, Don Rufino Contreras.

"For what reason?"

"Watch him, Nino, watch him! And now, good-by for the present."

And without awaiting the question the young man was about to ask him, the majordomo dug his spurs into his horse's flanks, and left the hacienda at a gallop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Swinburne is known in England as "George F. Train of poetry."

A New York cat was so rash as to lick the cheek of a lady of improved complexion, and in a few minutes was no more.

Virtue pardons the wicked, as the sandal perfume the axe which strikes it.

"Well, Bridget, can you scour tins with alacrity? "No, mum, I always accoutn them with sand."

You look as though you were beside yourself, as a wag said to a fellow who was standing close to a donkey.

A negro lawyer of Philadelphia wrote to an old limb near Chicago thus: "Is there an opening in your part of the country that I can get into?" Answer: "There is an opening in my back yard, about thirty feet deep, no earth around it. If that will suit, come on."

A young gentleman, after having his address to a young lady for some time, popped the question. The lady in a frightened manner, said, "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again."

WAKEFULNESS.—"A friend of mine," said Erskine, "was suffering from a continual wakefulness, and various methods were tried to bring him sleep. At last his physicians resorted to an expedient which succeeded admirably. They dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern in his hand, placed him in a sentry-box, and he was asleep in ten minutes."

The Printer's Circular of this city has offered prizes to compositors for fast typesetting. The first prize is to be a solid silver composing stick; the second, a silver medal, and the third a bronze medal. The competition is to be open

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WOMAN'S FASCINATION OF WOMAN.

BY ANNE E. McDOWELL.

Our article of week before last, respecting the psychological power exercised by certain women over others of their sex, has attracted much attention—not in consequence of its merit as a literary production, but because its subject-matter was one of great interest to a large portion of the community, insomuch as the infatuation of which it treated is wide-spread and deeply deplored. We have heard from five women, each of whom, having a love affair of the kind alluded to on hand, have fancied that we had held them up to public ridicule and reproach. These persons, one and all, declare themselves innocent of having made use of any voluntary art, sorcery, or magic, to obtain the peculiar and absorbing affection which has been bestowed upon them by young girls. Indeed, all who have pleaded guilty of this power of attraction, assert that it is exercised involuntarily and against their will, and that they have rather discouraged and regretted the demonstrations of love showered upon them by girls who are, in most cases, mentally weak and physically inferior.

A teacher, who called upon us to talk over the subject, declared that the ceaseless and oppressive affection manifested for her by one of her pupils (a very unattractive girl of fourteen) was both troublesome and painful to her, the child being so jealous and exacting as to give way to a burst of tears, to be followed by a fit of sulks, whenever any other scholar won the approbation of her teacher. Indeed, she assured us that if, in the hurry of her duties, she omitted to bestow upon the girl in question some special mark of recognition, the result would be that the child would cry herself into a spell of illness which would sometimes last a week. Our informant averred that she had never associated with this pupil out of school hours, and yet her daily tasks were made a burden and weariness to her because of the wild and persistent adoration of one of whom she could neither make a friend nor companion. This teacher thinks, with us, that this unnatural and inordinate affection, which is so common between women, is the result of an abnormal mental or physical condition in one or both of the persons who are its victims, and she earnestly desires to see it scientifically explained.

We have also had several letters from parents thanking us for taking hold of this subject, and offering further testimony as to the frequency of cases such as we commented upon. "A Father" says: "I distinctly recognize the 'grass widow' mentioned by you as one who temporarily so infatuated my young daughter as to drive her—by exciting her jealousy—to an attempt to commit suicide. She swallowed an ounce of laudanum, and then avowed her deed and its cause. Fortunately a physician was summoned in time to relieve her of the poison, and the stomach-pump not only removed the fluid, but with it the moribund love she entertained for a bad, intriguing woman."

In response to our appeal for information from physicians and others who have studied these psychological attractions, we have received the following communication:

It was with interest, and yet with sadness, that I read the letter from "A Mother," detailing the strange infatuation of her daughter, which was published in the Dispatch of the 8th instant.

From similar cases that I have known and studied, I am prepared to state that I believe the origin of the strong physical attraction of one sex to another is purely physical. But it is also true that the mental magnetization is very soon disturbed, and that it is characterized by different symptoms in different cases. If these cases are chronic, they are not easily cured. The girl in question should be separated from the female lover, and should mingle freely in young and gay society of both sexes.

As a rule such a girl is likely to become quite indifferent, or even avverse, to the society of the other sex; but, undoubtedly, pleasant associations with males of her own age are to be avoided.

Temperance in all things, of course, should be rigidly enforced. Genius employment is exceedingly valuable in the treatment. Generally there is but little inclination for study, and this inclination may be humored. I may here add that our boarding-schools are the best places to which to send such a class of girls. Those most liable to become infatuated with one of their own sex are between fourteen and sixteen years of age; and, in those cases I have observed, the infatuate, if I may use the term) has drawn his salary without entering the door of the department.

"A Memphian has sued a New York bitters man because twenty-four bottles didn't cure him.

"George Eliot hints that the rustic practice of chewing the end of a straw may be some faint reminiscence of the time when the human animal was granivorous.

"The life of an editor is not always free from care. They have to stand this up in Newman, Ga.: "Come and look, mother," said a little boy, "there goes an editor." "My son, you should not make sport of the poor man; you cannot tell to what extremity you may come."

"A Virginia girl of 16 has died of homesickness, at a Richmond boarding-school.

"What house pet is that so generally admired, sought after and valued, yet more abused, trampled upon, kicked about, looked down upon, and whipped than any other? A cat-pet.

"A Chicago saloon is called "Lamb's Rest." Folks look sheepish when they come out.

"A Boston firm tans alligator and anacards skins for shoe leather.

"Conversation between an inquiring stranger and a steamboat pilot:—"That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir; highest mountain above Lake George." "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back again."

"Indeed, why? what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

"It is objected to a morning paper that it is two-centational.

"Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" said a father in a ball-room to his daughter. "Because, papa, it hurts me when any one squeezes my hand." "What business have you to have your hand squeezed?" "Certainly none; but still you know, papa, one would like to keep it in squeaky order."

The following are the ages of several prominent New York millionaires:—William B. Astor is nearly 78; Alexander T. Stewart, 66; Cornelius Vanderbilt, 76; Daniel Drew, 71; Peter Cooper, 70; George Law, 73.

How to learn singing:—Go to a store and lift a few notes; this being the first lesson, you may subsequently learn what is meant by "bars."

Virtue is not always its own reward. At one of the Wellsburg, O., churches, on Thanksgiving day, somebody quietly dropped a one hundred dollar greenback in the money bag, and the unknown donor has the satisfaction of hearing his home paper say that the gift is either a mistake or conscience money.

The San Antonio postmaster received a letter lately, "To my Mammy." It was not delivered till some weeks after, a small, fierce-looking old woman appeared at the post-office window, saying, "Mister, have you got any letter there from my Johnny?" when he hit the mark at once.

A Bill of expense to his country—William of Prussia.

Fifty-nine newspapers in towns and cities on the Pacific coast have perished during the present year.

Remarkable Discoveries of Boiling Springs, Geysers, &c.

Gossip & La Mode.

"I heard it!"
"Who told you?"
"Hark! here it comes!"
"You don't say?"
"Tis dreadful!"
"Yes, awful!"
"Don't tell it, I pray!"
"Good gracious!"
"Who'd think it?"
"Well! well! well!"
"Dear me!"
"I've had my—
"Goodness!"
"And I, too, you see?"

"Lord help us!"
"Poor creature!"
"So and so!"
"I can't!"
"No beauty!"
"Quite thirty!"
"Between you and I!"

"I am going!"
"Do stay, love!"
"I can't!"
"I'm forlorn!"
"Farewell, dear!"
"Good by, sweet!"
"I'm glad she is gone."

Beecher and Spurgeon.

Mr. Beecher has revised his refusal to receive an increase of salary, and has left the matter in the hands of friends. The trustees have voted an annual stipend of \$20,000. This places Mr. Beecher financially at the head of the clerical host. He has probably the largest regular congregation in the land, and, except Spurgeon's, in the world. The choir of Plymouth Church, the organ, the Sunday-school, are in the same gigantic proportions with the congregation. Spurgeon's income is probably larger than Mr. Beecher's. Every seat in his great house is rented, and the entire revenue comes into Spurgeon's hands to be disposed of as he pleases. He pays his own salary, and distributes the rest to advance the cause. Elders and deacons can only use the funds by applying to the private secretary, and leaving their personal receipt.

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds cautioning the public against the use of an article passing for "golden syrup," which is not a true product of the sugar cane, but made from starch by the use of sulphuric acid. A test is also recommended for detecting the spurious article by using tannic acid, or a little tincture, when the mixture will turn black like ink. A correspondent of the American Chemist shows that this test would be very likely to mislead a person into accepting the spurious article and rejecting the true. The test simply determines the presence of iron, which gives the ink reaction. All cane and sugar syrups are manufactured in iron vessels; and, in spite of the efforts to exclude the metal, it is quite likely to be present in them, while the spurious article made from starch is more likely to be free from iron. The spurious article is, however, alleged to be a good, healthy sugar, called grape sugar, the sugar of raisins, but not so sweet as cane-sugar.

THE INCOME TAX.—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue states that the revenue from the tax on incomes this year would scarcely reach seven million of dollars. He is of the opinion that the salaries of officials, the amount for printing, and other incidental expenses would about equal this sum. The only reason for continuing the tax therefore is to raise seven millions out of the people, in order to pay the whole of it away to political favorites.

WHY SAM HOUSTON EXILED HIMSELF.—The reason of the strange disappearance of Samuel Houston, in the early part of his life, when he left a lovely bride and the governorship of Tennessee, and exiled himself among the Indians for many years, has lately been revealed. He discovered, within a few hours after his marriage, that his wife did not love him, but had been urged into the match by an ambitious family, while loving another man. He at once retired from the house, and by his subsequent escape gave the lady a right to the divorce which she obtained.

There are in the United States 1,360,000 constantly sick, being 24 to each physician.

A Colorado editor avenges himself on a rival by publishing his marriage under the head of "Crimes and Cannibalities."

The preposterous fashion of "treating."—It is responsible for much of the terrible drunkenness in America, and is not to be met with in any other country.

THE winter has been so severe in England that birds are dying of hunger. Among blackbirds the mortality is great.

Be careful about carrying lead pencils in your pockets. A Mr. Bonachier, of Sharon, Pa., slipped and fell a few days ago, and the point of a pencil he had in his pocket pierced his side, causing almost instant death.

There is reason to believe that some of the prevailing blonde chignons are made of the light fantastic tow.

IT is very rare to find in Lisbon any one who has ever heard of Camoens, the greatest of Portuguese poets. Such is fame.

A would-be school-teacher in Alabama recently replied to a question by one of the examiners, "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying, "Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

An exchange says:—"The members of the Norwich Common Council were warmly greeted the other night as 'My brethren in the Lord,' by a prematurely bald young man, who thought their chamber was the room of the Christian Association. The young man meant well, but he never made a greater mistake."

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"The Harvard Advocate popularizes science in this poetic fashion:—

TO PUPILS IN ELOCUTION.

The human lungs reverberate sometimes with great velocity, When windy individuals indulge in much verbiage.

They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute, And push and punch the diaphragm as though the deuce was in it,

CHORUS.

The pharynx now goes up; The larynx, with a slam, Ejects a note From out the throat, Pashed by the diaphragm.

Lecturing is not always profitable in the West. In Toledo, Ohio, recently, a female orator took but \$15 at the door, and the fever-and-ague in the hall.

Seventy-two different words may be made from the word string.

A Boston chemist says that burnt sole leather enters largely into the composition of the ginger put up in packages.

The unusual celebration—a pearl wedding—sixty years—took place in Bergen, New Jersey, on Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. George Tice were the groomsmen and bride, the former 91 years old, the latter 87. They have fifty-nine living descendants.

RICHMOND, Va., boasts that of the 1,600 of her citizens who died in 1870, only 4 died of intemperance.

An Illinois lady waved a red flag, stopped the train, and asked the conductor for a chew of tobacco for her old man.

The Chicago Times, in chronicling the fact that a man there married to get out of jail, remarks that "some chaps have a queer idea of liberty."

ROCKED TO SLEEP.—A Japanese pillow is a curiosity in its way. It is nothing but a rocker of a cradle, broad enough to stand alone, with a semi-circular depression on the upper side. The Japanese lie at full length on the floor; place, not their heads, but their neck, in the crescent-shaped hollow on the upper side of the pillow, and rock themselves to sleep in a few minutes.

A Sioux City teacher hung a small boy with a rope, a few minutes at a time, to make him confess to pinching another boy. Having choked him to insensibility, the pedagogue was escorted from town by the citizens, who picturesquely arrayed him in tar and feathers.

THE MARKET.

FLOUR—10,000 bushels sold at \$0.50 to \$0.55 for superfine; \$0.55 to \$0.60 for extra; \$0.60 to \$0.65 for Northwest extra flour; \$0.65 to \$0.70 for Ohio and Indiana flours; \$0.70 to \$0.75 for Western flour; \$0.75 to \$0.80 for tea and fancy brands. Bye Flour sold at \$0.60 to \$0.65.

GRAIN—Wheat—100 bushels sold at \$1.00 to \$1.05 for hard red; \$1.05 to \$1.10 for soft red; \$1.10 to \$1.15 for Penns extra; \$1.15 to \$1.20 for Dela-were red; \$1.20 to \$1.25 for amar. red; \$1.25 to \$1.30 for white. By—Small ears are reported at \$0.10 to \$0.12 bush. Corn—New Mexico is \$0.10 to \$0.12 bush. Beans—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush. Peas—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush. Rye—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush. Barley—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush. Hops—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush.

POVISIONS.—Sales of flour in New York at \$0.50 to \$0.60 extra for white; \$0.60 to \$0.70 for city packed extra meal. Beef Ham may be quoted at \$0.75 bush. Bacon—Sales of bacon-cured ham at \$0.60 to \$0.70 bush. Mixed Oats—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush for white. Barley—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush for white. COTTON—700 bales of medium-grade sold at \$15.00 to \$18.00 bush. COCOA—For upland and 15% for 15% bush for New Orleans.

BANK—No Quotations at \$0.00 to \$0.05 ton. Taner's Banks range from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX—Sells at \$0.25 to \$0.30 for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at \$0.10 to \$0.15 for Apples, and \$0.05 to \$0.10 for half Peaches. Cranberries sell at \$0.10 to \$0.15 bush.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay at \$1.00 to \$1.10 bush. Mixed, \$0.90 to \$1.10 bush. Alfalfa, \$0.80 to \$1.00 bush. Peas—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush. Beans—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush. Turnips—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush.

COTTON—700 bales of medium-grade sold at \$15.00 to \$18.00 bush.

BUTTER—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush. Butter, \$0.05 to \$0.08 bush.

BEEF—\$0.05 to \$0.08 bush. Beef, \$0.05 to \$0.08 bush.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rose," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in THE Post of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE Post is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meat and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE Post without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS.

We are still able to offer all NEW subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of LEONIE'S MYSTERY, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

WE HAVE A GOODLY SUPPLY OF BACK NUMBERS STILL ON HAND.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our new Terms on the second page of this paper.

Perfuming Ourselves.

The fondness for perfuming themselves prevails to an excess among Arabians of the present day. Sir Samuel Baker, in his very interesting volume upon the Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, says of them: "Not only are the Arabs particular in their perfume, but great attention is bestowed upon perfumery, especially by the women. Various perfumes are brought from Cairo by the travelling native merchants, among which those most in demand are oil of roses, oil of sandal-wood, an essence from the blossoms of a species of mimosa, essence of musk, and the oil of cloves." He then goes on to tell us the peculiar process made use of by the Arab ladies in perfuming. "In the floor of the tent or hut, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently large to contain a common champagne bottle; a fire of charcoal or of simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs; she then takes off the cloth or robe which forms her dress and crouches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot-air bath, and the pores of the skin being thus opened and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfume is immediately absorbed. By the time that the ure has expired the scented process is completed, and both her person and robe are redolent of incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women strongly at full a hundred yards' distance, when the wind has been blowing from their direction."

This scent is supposed by the Arab ladies to be so attractive to the opposite sex that the great traveller gives the receipt for it. It is composed of ginger, cloves, cinnamon-francincense, sandal-wood, myrrh, a species of seaweed brought from the Red Sea, and lastly, the horny disc which covers the aperture when a scorpion withdraws itself with in its shell. The proportions of the ingredients in this fatal mixture are according to taste. Our readers are far too sensible to fall into the error of the women of Arabia—to imagine that they could gain the hearts of those they admire by overpowering their nasal organs.

It is generally admitted that nothing can be in worse taste than for a lady to create an atmosphere about her—to walk about as an unstopped scent-bottle, and when she leaves a room to leave behind her such evidences of her presence, that, like a badly blushing out candle, her exit can be marked by every nose. That which is pleasant and agreeable in moderation becomes very offensive in excess. Indeed, there are very scents that are agreeable to every person, and all, even the most acceptable, are overpowering to every one when they exceed a certain degree in strength.

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

This silken lock with golden shining,
That round my fingers I am twining,
Waved once around a child's face;
And fond hands, nestling 'mongst each fold,
Carressed each tree of flowing gold.

"Tis but a curl of hair,
And yet this ringlet fair,
Brings back to me an infant's grace.

Once—when the sunlight, downward streaming,

Hid 'mongst her curl, or outward gleaming—
Danced merrily across the brow—
Laughing cried: "For memory
One slanting tree I took with me:

One little lock of hair
From 'mongst your pleasant share!"

"Tis all of worth that's left me now.

At peace she lies beneath the willow,
The hair floats o'er its final pillow,
And ripples like the waves forever.
Birds' notes drift with her dreams along,
Till, wakening, her mellow song

Rings through the heavenly air,
While her golden hair
Is pressed by lips across the river.

The willow bends and slowly sways,
And one lone woman kneeling prays,
While joyous hearts laugh for glee.
The summer azure smile above,
Is mocking her that hath no child to love:

Only a lock of hair
Cut from the pleasant share,
And kept long years for memory.

M. M. D.

Mesmerism and Matrimony.

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

Martin Speed was a bachelor. He had backed and filled, and hesitated and doubted about entering upon the "blessful state" of matrimony, until the fire of youthful passion was all spent, and matrimony had become a problem to him as dry and formal as one in old Walsh's Arithmetic; to be ciphered out for an answer, as much as that proposition about carrying the fox, goose and bag of corn across the creek, that everybody "problemly" remembers. Being a phrenologist, he left the province of hearts, altogether, and went to examining heads, to ascertain the cranial developments of a woman's fitness for the position of a wife to Martin Speed, Esq., as letters came addressed to him at the Speedwell post-office. The town of Speedwell was named for an ancestor of his, and boasted of several thousands of inhabitants; and, as it was a looking place, it had a goodly share of good-looking marriageable girls.

Martin studied Combe and Spurzheim and Gall, and grew bitter as disappointment saw him enter his forty first year a bachelor. He looked back on the past, and saw the chances who had neglected, and the happiness of those who had started with him, and were now partly people, the heads and fronts of families; and the delicate damsels he had slighted, respected mothers in Israel, and exemplary and amiable wives. He sought every opportunity for examining the heads of such as would submit themselves to his hand with a hope of catching the bachelor; for they knew his weakness, and he was well-to-do and an eligible match. But in vain he looked for perfection. The bumps would not be arranged as he wished them. If he took a liking to a pretty face, physiognomy immediately gave it the lie straight, and he at once avoided it.

It was at this juncture that a biological lecturer—and grave professor in that science—came to Speedwell, and gave a series of exhibitions. These Martin attended, and biology at once became an "intensity" with him—a "new emotion." He attended all the exhibitions; saw men personate roosters and crow; hens and scratch; shiver with cold or burn with heat, at the will of the operator; saw a miser endeavor to clutch an eagle held out to him while under the influence of the wonderful spell; and the tongue of a woman stilled who for twenty years had been the pest of Speedwell by her loquacity.

This put the mind of Martin on a new track. He sold his old phrenological works and devoted himself to the study of the wonderful science through which such marvels were performed. The professor was a fine teacher, and Martin placed himself under his tuition. He succeeded admirably. In a short time he surpassed his instructor, and had more than his powers in influencing the susceptible among his weak brethren and sisters.

He formed a resolution to himself, that through this means he would gain a wife. Could he find one that his science could control—one that at a glance he could transform like the man who was stopped by the mesmerist half-way down, as he was falling from the roof of a house—he would marry her; for the reason, dear reader, that Martin had not married, was that he had heard of wives wearing—the authority over their lords, and he was a timid man.

In this new science he saw security, and sedulously sought for one of the right description. At every party where he was invited, at every sewing circle, at every knot of factory girls in which he mingled in the summer evenings, he tried his art, but without success. At last, when on the point of despairing, accident gave what he had failed of obtaining by earnest seeking.

A widow—dangerous to bachelors, peace, as edged tools are to the careless hands of the inexperienced—came to the village on a visit. The weeds had not been removed that marked her bereavement, and the merest touch of melancholy rested on her brow, but her eye was laughing, and a sweet curl strayed away and lay like a coiled eddy upon the marble of her cheek. She had a jewel on her hand, and the black dress she wore was cut judiciously—the milliner that had it had been a widow herself, and knew how to manage such matters—showing a beautiful white shoulder, and revealing a bust of rare loveliness. Martin met the widow at the residence of a friend, and liked her. He had never seen so prepossessing a woman, he thought. But she had buried one husband, and that was rather a drawback. One visit led to another, the linking still increasing, until he broached the subject of biology, with a wish fervently felt, that this might be the woman he sought. She was fully acquainted with it, and in answer to his question if she was susceptible to its influence, she replied that she didn't know, but was willing to have the fact tested.

What a position for Martin! Seated by her side on a sofa, with her hand laid in his, she recited the receipt for the perfume of the great traveller, and the secret of the composition of the mixture. The words had not been removed that marked her bereavement, and the merest touch of melancholy rested on her brow, but her eye was laughing, and a sweet curl strayed away and lay like a coiled eddy upon the marble of her cheek. She had a jewel on her hand, and the black dress she wore was cut judiciously—the milliner that had it had been a widow herself, and knew how to manage such matters—showing a beautiful white shoulder, and revealing a bust of rare loveliness. Martin met the widow at the residence of a friend, and liked her. He had never seen so prepossessing a woman, he thought. But she had buried one husband, and that was rather a drawback. One visit led to another, the linking still increasing, until he broached the subject of biology, with a wish fervently felt, that this might be the woman he sought. She was fully acquainted with it, and in answer to his question if she was susceptible to its influence, she replied that she didn't know, but was willing to have the fact tested.

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her rich, dark eyes resting upon him with a look equal to that which the Widow Wadman poured into those of the unsuspecting Toby in the stillness of a summer evening. But science held him secure, and his nerves were as calm as the summer day of that evening. By-and-by the beautiful lids drooped, the head bent gently forward, and the widow, with a sweet smile upon her lips, lay fast asleep. Martin could have shouted "Eureka," in his delight at the discovery. His pulse quickened, and he stooped to kiss the lips that lay unresisting before him; but he didn't. By the exercise of his power he awakened her, and she was much surprised at being caught napping, and blushed at the strangeness of it; and blushed more when Martin told her how he had been tempted, and how gloriously he had resisted; and laughed a little when she slipped his check with her fingers as he took pay from the widow's lips for his self-denial, and went home half crazy with joy at his new-found treasure, more like a boy of nineteen than a matured gentleman of forty.

Every night found him a visitor at the widow's, and every night the success of the science was proved, until by a mere look or a wave of the hand the beautiful widow became a subject to his will, and he at the same time a subject of hers. She was such a splendid creature, too! You would not find in a long journey another fairer, or more intelligent, or more virtuous. The question might be asked, what magnetism was the most pleasant or most powerful, his or hers. But he thought only of his own, not deeming that he was in a spell more powerful, that was irrevocably binding him. What could an old bachelor know of such a thing?

This state of things grew to a crisis at last, and Martin formally proposed to the widow that the two should be made one, by the transmission of the church. To this she assented; and it was announced soon after, to the astonishment of all, that Martin Speed had married the Widow Goodie. The punster of the village made a notable pun about Good-Speed, at which people laughed very much; and the editor of one of the papers, who was a very funny man, put it in print.

It happened, shortly after the marriage, that they had a famous party, and some of the guests bantered Martin about his marriage, upon which he told them of the manner it came about. They were a little incredulous, and he volunteered to give them some specimens of his remarkable power over his wife.

She was in another room attending to some female friends, when he called her to him. She came immediately, and he asked her to sit down, which she did. He took her hand and looked into her eyes, to put her to sleep. Her eyes were wide open, and a lurking spirit of mischief looked out of them broadly into his. He waved his hands before them, but they remained persistently open. He bent the force of his will to their subjugation, but it was of no use.

"Mr. Speed," said she, laughing, "I don't believe the magnetism of the husband is equal to that of the lover; or, perhaps, science and matrimony are at war."

She said this in a manner to awaken a strong suspicion in his mind that she had humbugged him, and had never been put to sleep at all. His friends, as friends will when they fancy a poor fellow has got into a hobbie, laughed at him, and told the story all round the village. For months he was an object of sport to everybody. People would make passes over each other as he passed, and women would shut their eyes and look knowing. But, whether his power had gone or not, hers remained; and he cared not a fig for their laughing, for he was happy in the beautiful spell of affection which she threw over him, that bound him as a chain of flowers.

The attempt to close her eyes was never repeated, for he was too glad to see them open to wish to lose sight of them. Life with Speed sped well, and Martin became a father in time. He never regretted the expedient he adopted to get his wife, though he never could make out exactly whether she had humbugged him or not.

The Red Hand.

BY W. M. BAKER.

It seems to me like yesterday, that I left for the then westernmost West. Through all the web of my life in the West, like a scarlet thread, there ran—murder, cold-blooded murder! Allow me to record an instance of this, merely asking the reader to be so kind as to do his own moralizing as we go along.

We are across the Mississippi River now; and a Doctor, hand-some, thoroughly educated, exceedingly refined, almost effeminate in tone and manner, was the exceedingly popular physician of a community there, which was to him as the quartz to the gold held in its gritty grasp. Dr. Harrington had, I recall, that reputation as a consummate surgeon which is possessed in a singular degree by practitioners of a slight, lithe, womanly frame and temperament; peculiar frailty, as of a permanent hulm or ill health, though not the case with Dr. Harrington, seeming to impart that combination of exceeding delicacy and iron determination essential to a surgeon, as to any artist—especially essential, perhaps, to one whose tools are applied to human flesh, with its tangle of muscles, veins and nerves. I remember the Doctor also as a sincere Christian, an officer in the church, the beloved superintendent of the Sabbath school, the sweetest singer of all the congregation, I ask myself, was it a touch of dandyism which caused the Doctor, always dressed with the utmost care, to be so kind as to do his own moralizing as we go along.

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It was an easy matter the speedy release of Dr. Harrington, so far as the law was concerned. No citizen, acquainted personally with him or not, but manifested the universal sentiment by special respect of manner in every chance encounter. I doubt, however, whether he was even conscious of it. At least, I know that no assurances or reasonings of his most intimate friends had the least power to diminish the deep melancholy into which he fell. Never again did he act as officer of the church or superintendent of the Sabbath school. He was never known to be present, even at church upon communion occasions, much less to unite in singing, although fully restored to church membership after a period of suspension. I know he continued his family worship, for his wife told me his supplications were almost too pitiful to hear. But, weak as I agree with you it was in him, from that hour Dr. Harrington was a ruined man; that any one could see in his neglected dress and profound sadness. He still, as if mechanically, practiced his profession, but soon fell into a decline and died. "Better the other way, better the other way!" he was often heard to repeat in answer to all reasonings with him.

I was about passing to the next of the crowd of cases of the Red Hand which are pressing upon the gates of my memory for outlet as I write, when I paused to listen again to that sharp stab-like "What!" of Mrs. Harrington that day I broke the news to her, hastening down to her parlor in morning-wrapper to meet me. What lovely children they had! I recall how my left hand holding the rose-leaf palm of little Lily, my right lay upon the fair hair of Su-an—a diminutive for Su-an, I think—all the more beautiful for its uncombed tangles at that unseasonable hour. But they were not truly mated—the parents I mean; had the Doctor been less feminine or the wife more masculine, the circle made up of the two would have been truer and stronger. I fear that "What!" of Mrs. Harrington never lost razor-like edge in all her after conversation and infusions with her husband in regard to this killing. I do not know but we all had an unspoken idea that she could have saved her husband from that consciousness of his, as wirelike, alert, and deadly of thrust as his own sword, if she had pursued a course less coincident with his own in the matter. As it was, I remember, that day of the funeral of the Doctor, I said in thought to the bully of the fight, whose name I wish I could recall but cannot, as if he stood in ugly spirit on the other side of our death: "Be satisfied, you have killed him at last!"

I aid only this in regard to Dr. Harrington, loving and beloved of all men; he fell asleep at last resting his wearied self upon the sunning centre of his soul.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

to assassinate the long, slight sword which the Doctor had drawn with the instinct of self-preservation from his cane. It seemed like a silver wire, glittering here and there, no defence at all to the downward slashing of the great knife in the hand of the desperado determined to slay!

We all remember that exquisite bas-relief on the pediment of the Parthenon, the chariot race, the victor therein,

"With calm, unfeigned face."

Even then the Doctor's face, in profile to me where I stood, brought that Phidian face to my mind, so unburied, so statue-like in repose at the moment existence hung upon eve and hand.

Allow me to say just here that it is very easy for you, respected reader, to ask—independently, too—why I stood, why everybody on such occasions always does stand, so inactive while precious life was in peril? Will "It was all so sudden" do for an answer? This then, "It was so evidently somebody else's business to stop the murder." Justly and deeply outraged, that somebody else did not act. As for myself, it is, somehow, not my matter at all. I only happened along here from the post-office. I might get killed! That is the last analysis of the whole matter. And you would have reasoned in exactly the same way. I see before me at this moment the whole scene! The ring of spectators extemporizing a Roman amphitheatre for these gladiators, the horror of the Christianity assembled there, not without a flavor, too, of the heathenish delight in mortal combat of two thousand years ago; the bloodthirsty bally on the one side with blazing face, quick breathings, incessant curses; the calmness of the Doctor on the other side, his face pale, his breathings as those of a sleeping babe, now and then a word of quiet entreaty as he warded off with the ease of a master of fence the desperate slashings of his foe; it was the struggle of two civilizations, a lower and a higher. Although spoken in low tones, in that silence broken only by the ring of the bowie-knife upon the slight sword, the entreaty of Dr. Harrington in the intervals of his assailant's oaths could be distinctly heard.

"I don't want to kill you. For God's sake, stop! You are not fit to die. Must I kill you? Will no one stop

sin to shut her out," Bee said coaxingly, like a child; and she went to the window and drew back the curtain, and gazed up at the planet whose radiance paled by the sight of her own loveliness.

And all the while Standish stood in a maze, with his eyes riveted upon her form, and entirely forgetful of the assistance that politeness might have suggested. Then Bee stepped out into the fragrant garden; and Standish followed her, as though in a dream, regardless of Nell's very existence.

Bee plucked a big red rose, glistening with dew-drops, and placed it in her bosom, and then, either unconsciously or, as I suppose, to the presence of an auditor, she sang out low a little Italian serenade—an air full of wild passion and moving pathos, and with moonlight and music and unshed tears running through every bar of it. And Frank, starting, ground his heel angrily on the turf as the thread of that lovely song was broken by Nell's voice bidding them come in to tea.

Bee, in spite of her apparent indifference, had too often read signs of her power on human faces not to recognize her influence now in the dark glowing eyes that met her own as the light fell upon them. And somehow, as she met that look, there was an unusual languor in her own eyes.

She had discerned at once that this man had a fervent but repressed nature, and that no woman had hitherto called out all that his heart could feel.

And Frank Standish recognized that it was useless to struggle with the storm of passion that had been evoked, and that, come what may, Bee Darrell was his fate.

CHAPTER V.

It was in the middle of autumn, and the big trees of Darrell stood up gaunt armed and shorn of their natural beauty, while the red leaves kept drifting down, and down, and dying in the pale light within the dry old moat. And the tall white lilies and blood-red carnations that Nell Dacres tended in the old-fashioned parterre grew perfumeless and withered. Only Frank Standish's love and longing for Bee Darrell waxed daily and hourly warmer and stronger.

And Bee?

She did not tell him in words that she loved him; but surely there was ample encouragement in her half-averted looks, in the gentle deference that she displayed towards him alone, with cheeks that crimsoned at his voice. And yet through all Frank never failed to recognize full well that there was a something unattractive about her, and that he was but an outsider, unworthy to clasp her dainty palm. She leaned upon his arm, and listened with bent head to his low and incoherent whispers; and each instant laid his whole heart more and more under the siren spell she owned, until he forgot everything—honor, truth and fealty—in the charmed hours he passed by her side.

The truth was, that Frank's honest and passionate devotion was infinitely sweet to the spoiled beauty, after the specious but timely flattery that the great world gave; and she could not resist the gratification she experienced in the income so lavishly and sincerely yielded up at her feet. She could not have been blind to the feelings in his breast; for it was impossible for him always to watch over himself, and to control the impulses that swept over him. Sometimes he would grasp hold of her hand, and then release it as quickly, with the faithful pleading look of bairn in his eyes—a sort of dumb depreciation of her worth—and then he would meet a divine glance of pity, while she longed to say a gentle word, but dared not.

These *tele-a-tetes* were rare between them, and came like snatches of Paradise to Frank's heated imagination.

Nell usually formed a trio in the meetings; and whilst Bee sat dreamy and indolent, with Frank drinking in the melody of an occasional word and gazing unrelaxed at the tender purple depths before him, Nell Dacres diligently worked at some portion of her marriage trousseau; and no ceremonies of the grave could have been more distasteful to Standish's view than those flowery fragments, "fine as cobweb," that Nell's fingers fashioned. But all this could not go on for long. One day, when the triumvirate sat in "council close," Nell, suddenly lifting up the long black lashes, saw—nothing definable, but something that made her long to drown herself in the cold stream that ran hard by—something that blanched her face white as the lace she wore, and that thrilled her heart with a bitter pang.

"Is Mr. Mayne ever coming back to Darrell, Bee?" she asked after a minute or so, as steadily as she could.

Bee understood it all. She knew that Nell had caught the look in Standish's face that was only meant for her to see. The sparkling light died out of her own countenance, and a furtive glance went towards Frank, as she answered low but audibly,

"Yes, Nell, he comes to-morrow; and then I shall have to say good-by forever to all these pleasant meetings."

And in spite of herself her lips quivered visibly, and great drops sprang into her eyes.

Standish jumped up hastily, and bent tenderly over her. All recollection of Nell, and of her love and merits, was blotted out of his memory by the wild anguish that possessed him. What had she said? "Good-for-ever." God! had that come already? He felt as if he must speak, even with that pale witness, in whose countenance he could read the lines of pain he had caused, listening to his frantic words. He thought he could not stem the torrent of pleading for a little more life, a little more grace, that seemed to be burning for utterance. Then a choking ball rose up in his throat; a heavy weight seemed to grow upon his heart; and he silently turned away and left the spot.

Nell, stooping to gather up her work, hid her hot tears, and murmuring that it was time to return homewards, rose also. But Bee, impetuous and impulsive, flung her arms round the girl's neck, and sobbed out great vehemence sobs.

"Can you ever forgive me, Nell?" she whispered very piteously.

"Yes, and him too," was the reply. And then Nell, breaking down completely, walked away to the house, which had looked so bright and peaceful but a few short hours before, but which now presented the aspect of a tomb for her buried hope and bliss.

Dawn upon the hearth she crouched, with two tiny hands covering her flushed face, weeping over her lost happiness, and dead to the outer world. Then a pair of great strong arms bent down to her recumbent form, and drew it straight up, holding it close—close.

And Frank, stooping over the mourner's head, touched it lightly with a caress.

She drew herself right away from his

clasp; then she glanced towards him furiously. There stood the tall figure; there were the dark honest eyes, the sweet smile that had won her heart; and she went to him, and quietly, without one word, laid her shining tresses humbly down upon his shoulder, like a grieved penitent child.

"Nell, my darling!" And his voice was husky, and shook with emotion, as he remembered the great and intense love he was on the point of sacrificing forever to a sense of honor, and to a great pity for this little girl, who he knew worshipped him so utterly. "Let us forget all but our two selves, and let us go back to the dear old days when nothing had come between us. Forgive the pain I have given you, and take me back to your heart once more."

He need not have pleaded so; for Nell found no difficulty in replacing him in the heart from which he had never been dismissed. All she did was to throw her arms round his neck, and seal his pardon freely and fully. And Standish, wanting peace and rest, and some one who could soothe and notadden him as she did, fancied himself unutterably content.

Meanwhile Bee, after a baptism of tears, breathed out her penitence on a couch at Darrell.

"I will strive to be better than I am," she murmured to herself plaintively. "I will try to be faithful to friendship; but it will be very, very hard. Is love only to be a curse to me? It would be well if no one ever loved me; yet—"

And the violet eyes, that had been busily watching an expiring ember in the grate, half closed, and she nestled her face more closely into the downy cushions, as if to hide the blushes it should have worn at her confession.

"Frank!" she said, naturally enough, for she had often called him thus to herself; but her voice uttering his Christian name sent the crimson blood leaping into his face, and as he held her in a close embrace, he began to realize that it was no beautiful but suspicious beauty, such as the world knew Bee Darrell to be, whom he clasped, but a lovely loving woman, all his own to the very core.

"We have been dreadfully wicked! I can never face Nell again—and you cannot, dare not tell her of all this! You must marry her. You must forget me, Frank," she said imperiously and passionately.

"Never, so help me heaven!—not even in death! If you leave me now, my love, my love! now that I have held you thus, and kissed you thus!"—and he strained her to him, pouring down kisses on her brow, and cheeks, and lips, and even on the two little hands he grasped—"it will kill me, Bee! You have seen the change in me since last we met. Cannot you believe that parting from you now would be my death-warrant, that I could not survive such a doloration of every feeling I possess—that without you I cannot live?"

And as he questioned her, her gaze wandered eagerly and pityingly over him, and it seemed to her that his words were in truth possible—that she alone could give him life.

"Will you be my wife soon, Bee?" he asked her after a silence, in which, without assurances in language that she would not give him up, he had learnt that he was very dear to her.

She started, and turned ashy pale. Was this to be the end of all her grand ambition, her sighs after wealth? The wretched which would be hers as mistress of Mayne Towers?

Was she capable of sacrificing herself, and far more than herself—Darrell? Already, in the first vehemence of Standish's avowals, in the first phantasy of her own feelings, she seemed to see the ruin of her beloved home. In the mellow leaves that the wintry blast had swept whirling into the dell and glades, where they lay dead and decaying fast, she read a symbol of the ancient walls crumbling into dust, and Darrell's oaks and elms levelled with the earth. For a moment she wavered, and Frank, with fast-beating heart, watched the indecision on her mobile face; then the mournful picture her imagination had conjured up faded right out of view; she felt that she loved Frank, and that that love was infinitely more precious to her than gold, or silver, or gold.

So once more she put her hand into his, and softly lifted up her eyes towards him. It was a mute but all-sufficient acquiescence to his question.

CHAPTER VI.

The year had waned. The dreaded An-

thesis, when his wedding was to be, drew near, and Frank's heart sank lower and lower.

He had only seen Bee Darrell at church, but it had been enough. That one sight of her had utterly unaniated the patient work of weeks. Looking upon her sparkling face, with its passionate eyes and vivid lips, he was fain forced to confess within himself that none lived on earth who could dislodge the glowing image from his heart. Strive as he would, he knew that without her his life would ever be incomplete, that wanting her, craving for her, his soul would never be satisfied. Alas for Nell! it was an evil star that had beamed on the fatal meeting between her lover and her friend.

Vainly Frank tried to believe that he was as good as married in heaven's eyes, and wrestled bravely with the new love that appeared to him in the light of a heinous sin. Uselessly he esyed to limit his thoughts to his affianced wife. All he could do was to be doubly gentle and kind to the girl he was wronged so deeply within. He resolved never to risk an interview with Bee; but he could not give up the hope of seeing her stealthily, as the thief hovers round the glittering jewel he would possess, but durst not approach. The very air that passed with her was nigh had unutterable fascination in it, and the days that passed without a glimpse of her in the far distance were noted down as utter blanks in the calendar of his existence.

Then fate ordained a meeting when a dark and gloomy sky hung overhead, and a faint fragrance of pines, came borne on the breeze that swept in wild gusts over the steep hill sides. Standish was fearfully changed during the last weary trying month; his figure had grown slighter, and he looked very wan and haggard, as Bee suddenly came face to face with him.

Touched by his appearance, her manner was far softer than it usually was, as, without a word of greeting, she put her hand into his, and looked at him anxiously, though a shy.

Frank stood before her, motionless, tongue-tied, only his eyes telling her all that was in his heart. Womanlike, it was Bee who regained her self-possession first, and who contrived to break the silence that had fallen upon them; but unlike the ordinary diplomacy displayed by her sex, her opening remark was an ill-advised one, probing the glittering jewel he would possess, but durst not approach. The very air that passed with her was nigh had unutterable fascination in it, and the days that passed without a glimpse of her in the far distance were noted down as utter blanks in the calendar of his existence.

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purpose in his breast—to satisfy his heart,

no matter what betided! He seemed to see

her hours afterwards lifting up her tender

liquid eyes to his, and placing her little hand

within his own, in dumb but eloquent ac-

knowledgment of the feelings she bore him;

and after months of inexpressible pain and

utter regret that one little winter hour re-

turned in all the vividness of its first passion

an! delight, to probe afresh and deeply

the unclosed wound that lay festering in

Standish's life.

The chill bleak winds, the wrathful lower-

ing heavens, the moaning trees—he had felt

and seen none of these; he had only known

that he was with her, that for the first time

his lips had sought her own.

Nell was sitting by the window still. She

had sat there throughout the long afternoon,

communing with herself and oblivious of

time; and now the night has closed in wild

and wet; and as she listened to the heavy

rain and the howling blast, she fell to won-

dering whether the elements were not weep-

ing with her over the days that would come

no more. She never even heard in her miser-

able reverie the footstep that she had

learnt to look upon as a harbinger of happi-

ness, and she started when a hand touched

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

7.

man's wife; you and I shall be parted forever! O, Frank, a thousand devils seem to be shrieking into my ears the knell of our eternal parting. I never felt how utterly my heart was yours till now; and yet I have, by my own will, placed an impassable gulf between us. I have sold myself to save Darrell. I could not have seen it in alien hands and have lived. So I ask you, on my knees, not to despise me, but to pity me; nay, to care for me still.

"Good-by, Frank; remember your promise—'No matter what happens, nothing could take away my love from you; I shall love you till I die!'"

"My darling! my darling!" the dying man said faintly. "Nell, you will tell her how faithfully I kept my promise!" And Nell, bending her head down upon the bed, tried hard to smother her sobs.

That letter had reached Standish four months before, and he never rallied from the shock. The glorious summer had returned, and beneath the genial sunshine the green leaves whispered, the flowers bloomed, and birds sang blithely; but for Standish, the "trail of the serpent" was over them all. Lonely and desolate, his life drifted slowly away in the little ivy-clad cottage where she was to have lived. Then when too weak to rise, it was Nell Dacres who, like a ministering angel, hovered over his pillow, tending him carefully, breathing to him words of comfort and peace. Unselfish to the last, she only thought of him; she had but one desire, one hope—to smooth his path to that heaven where they two might meet again. Day after day she knelt beside him, murmuring sweet and solemn truths to him whose soul was already on the wing to eternity; and while she strove to pray with steady accents, her pallid lips quivered, and she knew that the grave in which they laid him would hold her broken heart as well.

What mockery the world seemed to her now! Outside, light and coloring and melody; inside, darkness, the pallor of fleeting death; the one refrain on the rigid lips—"I shall never cease to love you till I die!"

Over and over again those words vibrated sadly upon the watcher's breast; there was such a depth of pathos in them, such an infinity of pain! Then one day a voice so changed, so faint, fell on her ear, that Nell, trembling all over, with blanched face and quickened breath bent hastily over him.

"Bee, my Bee!" he said. "O, tell her that I never forgot her, not even in death! Give me the letter, Nell! here! here! close to me!" and with a momentary strength he strove to press it to his heart, while a tender smile irradiated his features, and made his white face radiate in its beauty. Then his hands fell nervelessly down, and Nell Dacres and "Death" were alone together, with the summer sunshine playing upon both, and the birds singing a jubilee for the soul that had gone to eternal rest.

"Advice is like snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the earth."—*Coleridge*.

An evidence of the progress of civilization in the Sandwich Islands is reported in the Honolulu Advertiser, being nothing less than a case of pocket-picking, the first that has been known to occur there! The offender was arrested at once, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment at hard labor.

Four iron steamships—335 feet in length, 40 feet in breadth of beam, of 2,800 tons burden, and containing all the modern improvements and luxuries, will be built immediately for the American Steamship Line between Philadelphia and Liverpool. The estimated cost of each steamer is \$500,000.

THE GREATEST HEATHEN.—An Ohio man, who passed around the box at a religious meeting for the heathen, and then pocketed the money, has been acquitted of stealing by a jury of the vicinage on the ground that he was the greatest heathen they knew, and therefore justly entitled to the cash.

The opinion of those best qualified to judge, pronounces both the chassepot and needle-gun inferior to many of our American breech-loaders. France, as our readers have doubtless observed from the daily papers, has purchased large quantities of the Remington rifle, one of the best military weapons now before the world.

Bloomington, Indiana, has sixty-seven young women wanting to be married, and only three marriageable young men. The name of the place arises from the fact that every man has a whole blooming ton of girls to himself, calculating the average weight of the girls to be as low as ninety-nine pounds apiece. This is out of all proportion.—*N. Y. Mail*.

The Asiatics but seldom behold the Aurora, and they are much troubled lately at the appearance of the mysterious light that streams from the northern heavens. The old idea that the "Mountain of the Gods" lay toward the North, which was believed by many ancient nations, may be traced to this boreal phenomenon. The Scandinavians believed that the streamers of light were only Thor's red beard blown across the heavens by the night wind.

A staid gentleman in Northampton, Mass., who lives in a block, the houses in which are all alike, went home the other night, and proceeding up stairs, undressed in the dark and attempted to get into bed, but to his astonishment could find no bed. Striking a match, he ascertained that he was in the wrong house. Dressing hastily he beat a retreat, and nothing would have been known about it if a friend of his had not met him in the hall as he was going down and demanded to know his business.

A "bug" in Ireland has suddenly become nomadic, and is seeking to change its situation. It is stated that the inhabitants of Ballylic, near Ballingal, Roscommon, were terrified at the sudden movement of the heat bog of Corliss. The bog is a high one, of many hundred acres, and it made such rapid progress that at dusk fifty acres of the low land had been covered up, destroying crops of potatoes, turnips, &c. The alarm of the inhabitants is extreme; many of them are leaving their homes for more secure places. The bog continues its motion, and fears are entertained that much damage will be done. One poor man has lost his entire potato crop by the occurrence.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

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YANKEE CLIPPER!—The jolliest, richest, spickest, and best comic paper in America. Filled with dull yarns, funny stories, tough jokes, &c. We give one dozen Ordo Gold Pens and the Clipper for 15c. Cheapest paper in the world. Subscribe now. Specimen Sc. Address CLIPPER, Elsie, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents are wanted to obtain subscribers for this paper—the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Good Commissions allowed. Address H. PETERSON & CO., 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

GRIMLEY'S PRAIRIE WATER.

Unrivaled as a toilet requisite, it possesses a delicacy of fragrance comparable to that of the imported. It is also a durable perfume for the handkerchief. It is far superior to the numberless cheap extracts so much in vogue.

Price One Dollar per Bottle. Sold by Druggists generally.



MONEY
EASILY
MADE
With our Stencil and
Key-Check Outfit.
Circulars Free.

GENTS WANTED! Big wages and light work. No humbug. Something everybody wants. Send 10cts. for sample, terms, &c., to L. AUSTIN, Elsie, Mich.

Electric Medical College of Pennsylvania.
Summer Session commences April 1, 1871. Fees for the entire Course \$20. No other expenses. Address J. A. KRISSEK, M. D., DSB, 314 Pine St., Philadelphia.

Notice of Assignment.

Notice is hereby given that Michael Block, of the city of Millville, New Jersey, hath this day made an assignment to the subscriber, of his estate, for the benefit of his creditors, that the said creditors must exhibit their respective claims, under oath, within the term of three months.

JAMES M. WELLS,
Dated, Millville, N. J., Jan. 8th, 1871.

HOW TO BEHAVE!—A Handbook of Etiquette, Guide to the Polite. Price 15c.; "The Model Letter-Writer," 15c.; "How to Write and Debate," 15c.; "The Art of Vestuariom, with Instructions for Making the Magic Whistle," 15c.; "Courtship and Marriage," 15c. Mailed. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. anglo-20c

R. DOLLARD,
513 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Incases, Toupees and Scalsas, No. 1.—The round head. No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald, over the head to " 2.—Over forehead as far as required. 3.—Over the crown of the head.

4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.

He has always ready a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Half Wigs, Frizzets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's hair.

THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE is now in its second year. Enlarged and improved. Full of choice reading every month for young and old. Every boy and girl should read it. Only \$1 per year. Best and cheapest of its class. S. L. CUTHBERT, Pittsburg, Pa.

WHISKERS! One package of Prof. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is used by persons from the ages of 18 to 85, and from 25 to 85, or in the decline or change of life; after Confinement, or Labor Pains.

In affections peculiar to females, the Extract BUCHU is unequalled by any other remedy, as in Chilosis, or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or Suppression of the Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirous State of the Uterus, Leucorrhoea, or Whites.

DISEASES OF THE BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.—This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Appetite into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcarous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

THE GREAT BARGAINS WE HAVE EVER OFFERED ARE NOW BEING TAKEN UP.

A WHOLE SUIT FOR WHAT THE COAT ALONE COSTS ORDINARILY.

AN OVERCOAT AND SUIT FOR WHAT THE SUIT ALONE WOULD COST.

TWO BOYS' SUITS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE IN REGULAR TIMES.

FURNISHING GOODS AT A DISCOUNT BELOW THE LOWEST PRICES.

THIS WORK MUST GO ON.

OUR STOCK IS REDUCED,

AND WE ARE IN GOOD SHAPE TO BEGIN OUR SPRING PURCHASES AND MANUFACTURES.

MAKE YOUR SELECTION

AND THE PRICES WILL BE FIXED TO YOUR OWN SATISFACTION.

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Brown's,

LMarket and Sixth Sts., Phila.

NOTE.

By our system of Self Measurement, easily understood, we enable customers to send their orders in such a way as to SECURE AN GOOD FIT as though they came themselves to our Establishment.

Our Improved System of Self Measurement, Samplers, Prism-scales when requested, and PROMPT ATTENTION given to all orders, with GLADNESS.

TELEGRAMS.

feeb4-11

BRIGGS & BRO'S

Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue

OF FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS,

AND SUMMER FLOWERING BULBS.

FOR 1871.

Is now ready for mailing. It is printed on elegant new tinted paper, and illustrated with nearly

FIVE HUNDRED ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS,

And two fully executed COLORED PLATES—specimens for all of which were grown by ourselves

the past season from our own stock.

All the drawings and engravings were composed by

ourselves, and taste and ability, who have made the

subject of Flora and Vegetable representations a

special branch of their business for the last eighteen years.

In the originality, execution and extent of

the Engravings it is unique and entirely super-

ior to any other.

The Catalogue consists of more than One Hundred

Pages, and will be sent *free* to all who ordered

from us, and will be mailed the last season.

To others for Fifteen Cents per copy, which is not the value of the

Catalogue, but the cost of postage.

Address M. JAGGERS & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

INTEREST TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

The Prairie Whistle and Animal Imitator can be

used by a child. It is made to imitate the song of

every bird, the neigh of a horse, the bay of an ass,

the grunt of a hog, bird-beans and snakes are en-

chanted and taught by it. It is made by D. Bryant,

White, and all the ministers who wear

Vestrioletes can be learned in three days by its aid.

Send anywhere upon receipt of 10 cents; \$1 for 25 cents; 7 for 50 cents; 17 for \$1. Address T. W. VALEN-

TINE, Box 372 Jersey City, N. J.

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CHINESE SQUASH and CALIFORNIA

MELONS. A large supply. Grown in Califor-

nia last year—the first year in America—largest and

best known. Six Seeds of each—1 cent for 50 cents and

3 cents to post pay. Address Box 233 Oswego, Iow.

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2000 Valuable Receipts, and "Book of

Novelties," send, post paid, for 25c.

Address B. FOX & CO., New York City.

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Agents are wanted to obtain subscribers for this paper—the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Good Com-

missions allowed. Address H. PETERSON & CO., 319

Walnut street, Philadelphia.

feb4-21

BUCHU.

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[From Dispensary of the United States.]

Diosma Crenata—Buchu Leaves.

PROPERTIES.—Their odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat aromatic, their taste bitterish, and analogous to mint.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.—Buchu leaves are gently stimulant, with a peculiar tendency to the Urinary Organs.

They are given in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostrate Gland, and Retention or Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its

WIT AND HUMOR.

A BRIEF COMPOSITION ON ANIMALS.

BY C. A. B.

The mosquito is a very awkward little animal. It sticks closer than a brother it is a near relative of the flea, altho the family resemblance is not striking; they do not associate much together.

The lion has the deepest base voice, of any person I think I ever heard, and I have heard a good many lions sing.

The sheep is noted for its wool, like the African it has a good alto voice like the goat, which has a good digestion and eats newspapers and other periodicals, altho it does not subscribe for any of them I don't think.

The tortoise is a slow but sure animal, it only occupies one room of his house and lives on the ground floor, I suppose it is afraid of robbers for it always takes its house along with it when it goes out, it shuts the front door which closes with a patent spring, it is a combination lock and can only be opened by itself from the inside.

The bull frog is a singular animal, when it sits down it stands up and vice versa, it has a deep Baritone voice but does nothing but prance.

The Hop Toad is a 1st cousin of the bull frog, they are manufactured in the clover & come down semi-annually every time it rains.

The elephant is a putty large animal, and as it cannot trust itself on the cars, it walks all the way & carries its trunk along with it although it never changes its nose, I don't think.

Man is the only companion a Dog has, he follows him everywhere he goes and barks at everything he sees sometimes, he gets mad and they have too shoot him.

The leper is an animal that is like a Lawyer, it can change its spots when it gets tired lying in one spot, it goes off and lies in another spot.

The possum is a very imposing little animal, it imposes on you when you go to catch it and pretends it is dead, But when you go to go away it lays in its sleeve.

The crocodile is a animal with a very long nose, that lives in the water, in some countries mothers throw their little children into the crocodiles jaws, but in this country they don't they jaw the little children themselves.

Man is the only one that looks like the Monkey, he is very mischievous & can climb up a spout pretty easy.

The cat is a very domesticated animal, they lie dormant in the day time but at night when it's dark and dreary they go out serenading just like other people who sing, they are very jealous of each others voices and each one tries to holler louder than the other they are said to have 9 lives but I have seen one killed with a broom bat, they are very chaste I have often chased them myself.

The cow is a very valuable animal, to the milkman in conjunction with the pump, I don't think the motto "in union there is strength" would be applicable in this connection, the milk of human kindness is a very scarce article just now it is very seldom obtained even from the "Cream de la Cream" of society, we use only pure Chester Co. milk at our house, the reason we can depend on getting the genuine article from our milkman is because it is marked on his wagon and he lives only a few doors from our house & keeps his cows in the back yard.

The horse is a very valuable animal, Some horses can be bought for 50 cts & others for \$30,000 the 50 cent horses are never very fast unless they are tied to a post, they are not cauled Post horses though.

The hog is a very hoggish animal, and is used to make porks and blacking brushes & hogs head cheese out of.

The rat is an animal that is very quick, of perception they often hold Ratiocination in our cellar.

There are a good many other animals that I have not stated, but the ones that I have just stated are sure of the principle ones.

Legislative Frame.

An amusing incident occurred, recently, of which a state Senator from the interior was the hero—much against his will, no doubt. In company with some friends, he was purchasing some holiday presents for the "little ones" and, in the course of his peregrinations, stopped at a stand for the sale of whistling China birds, presided over by a young American. Our Senatorial friend exercised his well known conversational powers for some time upon the youthful vendor, in the meantime testing his wares, and, finding some difficulty in getting satisfied, said—

"My little friend, this won't whistle."

The juvenile merchant, casting a knowing glance at the Senator, very quietly replied,

"Well, sir, maybe not; but the one you have got in your pocket will."

This remark startled the honest Senator, and after fumbling in his pockets for some time, to satisfy himself that he hadn't stolen one, he rejoined, indignantly,

"Young man, how dare you insult a gentleman in that manner!"

The boy's eyes at this moment luckily alighted upon the missing toy, and looking up at the astonished Senator, again in a sort of apologetic way, replied:

"Well, sir, I happened to hear one of these gentlemen say that you were a member of the legislature, and that's why I thought it, sir. I'm glad to see that you aren't, sir. Here's the bird, sir. Ten cents. Thank you. Good day."

Changing his Identity.

An amusing incident is related to have occurred on the steamer Dexter, on a recent trip down the river. Just below Vickburg a family got on board, en route for Texas.

During the afternoon the *pater familias* concluded he would enjoy the luxury of a good shave, shampooing, etc., and for this purpose applied to the tonsorial artist of the steamer. The luxury was speedily supplied him; and, at his request, hair, eyebrows and whiskers were converted from a fiery red to raven blackness, by the use of the artist's dye. The traveller was highly pleased at the idea of surprising his wife at the transformation, and hurried to demand the price.

Imagine his indignation when he was called upon to forfeit ten dollars. He swore he would never pay it, and hurried to his stateroom, to buckle on his defensive armor. But he was met at the door by his spouse, outraged by the intrusion of a stranger, as he supposed, and admittance refused. He called himself her husband—she said he was an impostor. He attempted to explain. It



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

History tells us of many a brave man equal to any emergency by land or sea—a sailor, a soldier, a hero, or saint, who at last proved to be a woman in disguise.—*Lucy Stone.*

was useless. A crowd gathered around, and the laugh became general. At last, in his perplexity, the Hoosier exclaimed:—

"Sally, look at my feet!"

One glance at the pedal appendages assured her. "Yes, John," she said, "I know them feet. They can come in; but keep that head out of sight!"

Slate Pencils.

Of your numerous readers, probably every one has used a slate pencil more or less, and knows that there is a hard, black kind, full of grit, and a soft, light-colored one, usually called soap-stone; yet I dare say that not one in a thousand knows how or where they are made, or what the difference between them is. The black variety comes from Germany; but the light or soap-stone pencils, whether the perfectly round pencils of the present day, or those which we used to get years ago, and which seemed to have been whittled out with a knife, are manufactured from a deposit of stone in the northwest corner of the town of Castleton, Vermont, about eight miles west from Rutland, and about a quarter of a mile from Lake Memphremagog. The tract of country known to contain the stone is very small, being at most only one and a half miles long and half a mile in width. As far as is known, this is the only deposit of rock fit for making pencils of this kind in the world. Every inch of country for miles and miles around has been searched in vain to find another outcrop. Probably there is more of the stone in the world, but certain it is that none having just the right grain has yet been found in the United States; and Castleton has the honor of being the only place in the world where the pleasant working soap-stone pencil is made.

An excellent use has been devised for the unavoidable refuse of this manufacturer. For some years, paper-makers have employed clay to fill the pores of the paper pulp, and give it "body" and a satin surface. But clay is liable to be gritty, and it darkens the paper, so that it can only be used in the darker grades. Mr. Brown has a patent covering the use of ground stone of any kind for this purpose, and commonly called the kaolite or argillite patent. Argillite is the name of the white slate-pencil stone. After the patent was obtained, a set of machinery like that used in flour-mills, was put into the basement of the factory, and the dust and waste from the manufacture of the pencils ground to a powder three grades finer than the finest double-extra flour. Being very light in color and free from grit, it can be used in the manufacture of fine, white printing paper as well as letter-paper, softening the pores that even without starch it is possible to write upon it, while the surface is like that which has been calendered.

While the patent was pending in this country, and before it was granted, some one found means to get copies of specifications, and obtained a patent upon them in England. The idea met with favor in that country, and at least one paper company searched up and down all England for the argillite; but none was to be found, and they were obliged to send to Vermont for the desired article. In the end, therefore, the fraud only amounted to saving the American company the expense of an English patent.

Owing to the peculiar composition of the stone, it is quite probable that still further useful applications will be found for the refuse.

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With a star on her brow, a sceptre in her hand, would not women patrol our streets at the midnight hour, with a loftier mission than she does now.—*Mrs. Blackwell.*

the pencil-stone under one management, the style of the firm being the Adams Manufacturing Company, named after the senior partner. At present, there are about one hundred hands, men and women, employed in and about the factory by the company.

Near the quarries mentioned is another, in which the stone is of a rich dark purple color. Could any means be found to harden this stone, it would be of the greatest value for making school-slates, as it has every other requisite for a first-class article.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

DIO LEWIS TO YOUNG WOMEN WHO WANT HUSBANDS.—Among the young men in the matrimonial market only a small number are rich, and, in America, such rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with ambition, who have a future, is very large. Those are worth having. But such will not, dare not, ask you to join them, while they see you so idle, silly, and gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength; that your life is earnest and real; that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry.

A CRUEL OUTRAGE.—A gentleman in the disguise of a friend called on us at our offices and committed the following cruel outrage upon us:—"What," he asked, "is the difference between a plan of a battle-field and a roasted pipkin?" After many vain struggles, we assured him we gave it up. "One," said he, "is a war-map—the other a warm apple." He had the cruelty to leave us without an attempt to resuscitate us, and we were found several hours afterwards in our easy chair with a cigar in our mouth and our feet on the mantelpiece. We have communicated with the police.

THE EGOTISM OF SIN.—When you are examining yourself, never call yourself merely a sinner; that is very cheap abuse, and utterly useless. You may even get to like it, and be proud of it. But call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton, or an evil-eyed, jealous wretch, if indeed, you find yourself to be in any wise either of these. An immense quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest is merely sickly egotism, which will rather gloat over its own evil than lose the centralization of its interest in itself.—*Ruskin.*

I remember how Hawthorne wrote with hilarious delight over Professor L——'s account of a butcher who remarked that, "Ideas had got afloat in the public mind with respect to singers." I once told him of a young woman who brought in a manuscript, and said, as she placed it in my hands, "I don't know what to do with my hands sometimes, I am so filled with *mammoth thoughts*." A series of convulsive efforts to suppress explosive laughter followed, which I remember to this day.—*J. F. Fitch.*

CASES OF SUDDEN DEATH.—Cases of sudden death are very often referred to disease of the heart. The real truth is that a large number of sudden deaths are caused by congestion of the lungs. Sixty-nine cases of sudden death were made the subjects of thorough examination by a scientific congress in Europe, of long since. It was ascertained that forty-six of these died from congestion of the lungs, and only two from heart disease. When it is remembered that congestion of the lungs is generally caused by cold feet, tight clothing, going suddenly from a hot room into the cold air (especially after speaking or singing), sitting still until chilled after being heated by exercise, and from like causes, it will be perceived that it is often in one's own power to avoid probable sudden death.

ABORIGINES.—Mr. Darwin sagaciously observes "the horse must have inhabited countries annually covered with snow, for he long retains the instinct of scraping it away to get at the herbage beneath. The wild Tarpan of the East have this instinct, and, as I am informed by Admiral Sullivan, this is likewise the case with the horses which have run wild on the Falkland Islands; now this is the more remarkable, as the progenitors of these horses could not have followed this instinct during many generations in La Plata."

IHAD a dream the other night, When everything was still; I dreamed that each subscriber Came up and paid his bill; Each wore a look of honesty, And smiles were round each eye. As they handed over the stamp, They yelled, "How's that for high?"

A Cedar Rapids, Iowa, man lately lost a pocket-book containing about thirty dollars. It was found by a neighbor to whom he sent a note telling him to keep "what he thought was right," on account of finding it, and send him the rest. The finder returned five dollars.

There are sum pholks in this world who spend their whole lives a hunting after righteousness, and kant find evny time to practice it.—*Josh Billings.*

AGRICULTURAL.

The Check-rein.

There is one infallible proof, constantly to be obtained, of the cruelty of the use of the check-rein, and of its injurious effects, though we believe very few persons are aware of it. Whenever a horse has been worked with a tight check-rein, the corners of his mouth become raw, inflame, fester and eventually the mouth becomes emarginated on each side, in some cases to the extent of two inches. Even before the bit has produced these visible effects, if the corner of the mouth under the bit is touched the animal will flinch as if from hot iron. Let this be the sign with every master and servant, To what are these enlargements attributable? What causes them? Nothing but the friction of the bit in the efforts of the horse to get up to his work. How dreadful to see a horse heavy laden—his neck bent into a perfect curve—his mouth open—his eyes ready to start out of their sockets. The ignorant, though, perhaps, not cruelly disposed driver, looks on with admiration to see how "handsome" his horse appears, and imagines that the tossing head, open mouth, and gnashing teeth, are signs of game and strength; whilst, on the contrary, they are the most unequivocal evidences of distress and agony.

Let any one test the truth of this by loosing the check-rein, and he will immediately find the horse go *faster*, keep his mouth shut, and his head in one steady horizontal position. Draught-horses frequently exhibit the most painful examples of the cruelty of using a tight check-rein. Whether at work or standing they will often be found in continual torment—tossing their heads, or resting the weight of them on the bit, and so drawing back the corners of their mouths as nearly to split the ligatures. At work instead of going steadily they "bob" their heads, feeling the check at every step they take. A short time since, the writer stopped a wagon to look at the mouth of the shaft horse—he found the mouth actually cut open by the bit at least two inches on each side; the wagoner said "he know'd it sure; *twas the fair wear of the f'r'n!*" The man was open to conviction, and upon the cause of this dreadful punishment being shown, he altered the rein.

The propensity to back, if not actually caused, is much increased by the check-rein. In ascending a hill the freight horse may be compelled to stop and refuse to exert himself, knowing that he can put forth no more strength until the head is loose. A short time since the writer saw a crew collected looking at a coal cart, fully loaded, drawn by an immense horse. The street is of a moderate ascent, and the horse had stopped just below the top of the hill; the driver turned the horse round down the hill, then up, and with his helpmate very humanely assisted by pushing. The horse, without being flogged or spoken to, went on steadily with his heavy load, to about the place he before stopped at, and again gave up; he was sweating much, and appeared to be a good game horse. The writer went up to the driver and advised him to unhook the check-rein. The man said "it's no use, I have turned him round three times." The writer said "He must be a good horse to take the load three times"—and pressed him to unhook the rein. The man replied "He will fall down." The writer coaxed him to try. The rein was unhooked, and immediately the horse took the load from the spot where he stood. The man said, "Well, I would not have believed that." It is not uncommon for considerate drivers to unhook their horses at the foot of a hill, which is a very strong proof of the folly of using the rein at all. It has been, and may be again, advanced as a plea for its retention, that a horse, after having been used to the rein, will miss it, and so be liable to fall if he trips after it is taken off. A trial will prove that this is not the result. A check rein is fixed to the falling horse and *falls with him*—it cannot save him; it keeps a horse from seeing and avoiding stones and other impediments; it is a hindrance, not a help; an injury, not a benefit. It cannot be supposed that a horse stumbles willingly; therefore, to punish him for it, as is too often done, is wrong, and only adds to his fear.

To the ladies we appeal with earnestness, knowing full well how pained they would be were they conscious of the horse's agony which causes that unceasing motion of the head which they have, doubtless, at times observed. Could these species sufferers answer the inquiries—*Why do you continually toss your heads while standing in harness?*—*Why do you stretch your mouths, shake your heads, and gnash your teeth?*—*Why do you turn your heads back towards your sides, as if you were looking at the carriage?*—they would answer: All, this is done to get relief from the agony we are enduring by having our heads kept erect and our necks bent by tight check-reins.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Foot and Mouth Disease.

IMPORTANT TO CATTLE OWNERS.

We learn that many cattle owners having sick cattle, are treating their animals with various nostrums, some of which are of the most irritating character; for instance, the pure carbolic acid in crystal, spirits of turpentine, corrosive sublimate, chloride of zinc undiluted. One cattle owner informed us that he had applied some of the above agents, and we saw at his place some of the worst cases we have found since the disease came among us.

We are satisfied that carbolic acid is the most efficient when diluted with one hundred parts of water to one of the pure acid for the feet, and a larger dilution to be applied to the mouth. We would also suggest that the stables where cows are kept, be sprinkled with the diluted acid, and if the disease breaks out in one or more animals, the feet of both the sick and the well be washed with the carbolic acid diluted. We have no doubt that in many cases it will act as a preventive, in others mitigate the severity of the disease.